

FROM DEATH'S GATES

ALMOST INCREDIBLE EXPERIENCE OF RUSSIAN PEASANT.

Shattered by Bullets of Soldiers Dealt for His Execution He Yet Recovers from Terrible Wounds Received.

Although the story about to be told justifies the inclusion under the heading of a Real Life Romance, it is a story that deals more with death than with life, and of an experience of which not one man in a million survives to tell the tale.

The first act of the tragedy began in 1905. The Baltic provinces lay seething in revolt, and the stern arm of the Russian government was repressing the rebels ruthlessly.

Among these rebels was an Estonian named Lust. Only too well he knew the fate that awaited him if, perchance, he fell into the hands of the imperial troops. With them was no quarter, only a brief trial, and—a tree!

But one day, despite all efforts to escape, Lust found himself a prisoner. Justice was summary in Russia in those troubled days. He had scarcely been a captive an hour before he was tried by court-martial, and condemned to immediate execution. Half-dazed, the doomed man followed an escort of 12 soldiers out of the camp. For a mile he tramped beside the soldiers, until suddenly he realized that they had halted. His brain cleared, and he realized that he had reached the last stage of his journey.

A word of command dropped from the sergeant's lips, and the peasant saw the soldiers form up in a double line before him. He offered up a prayer that he might die as bravely as many a one of his comrades had died, and leant his back against the



An Old Woman Answered the Call.

tree. The sergeant bound a handkerchief over his eyes, while the front rank of the soldiers knelt upon one knee, with rifles ready.

A quick word of command, and the peasant knew that every rifle was trained on him. A second command followed, a deafening report, and the peasant fell.

Night had fallen over the scene of the execution. Dark shadows hid the motionless form as it lay where it had fallen beneath the tree. Then the moon rose, and cast her steely blue light on his face. The man stirred slightly. Presently he opened his eyes. Was this death? For awhile he wondered thus vaguely within himself. Then he raised his hand to his face and feebly pulled the handkerchief from his eyes. The moon shone through the trees above his head. The peasant shuddered as the sight brought back the terrible ordeal of the evening. Yet he was alive. His body ached and felt as if half cut asunder. But he lived! Raising himself painfully, the peasant looked around him. Not a hundred yards away he could see the outlines of a small hut. Now on all fours he crawled until at last he knocked feebly at the door. An old woman answered the call, listening with horrified face as the peasant slowly told his story. When he had finished she helped him into the hut, bathing and dressing his terrible wounds as best she could.

It was two years before Lust was able to move outside the hut, and in that time not a soul knew that anyone occupied the little hut beside the aged dame. But he was recognized in one of his walks by the local police, arrested, tried, and sentenced to two years' penal servitude.

Still even though the final punishment seems severe, in a few months the peasant will be free.

KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

Why the Colored Cook Remained Below During the Blow.

A story is told of a well known amateur yachtsman who was one night anchored near a rocky and dangerous shore. Suddenly, just before dinner, a stiff inshore wind started up. The anchor began to drag. Another was rapidly thrown overboard, but in the increasing squall that, too, failed to hold. The schooner seemed in imminent danger of drifting on the rocks, but at last another anchor gripped, and the danger was past.

The yachtsman, nearly exhausted from his efforts, dropped on the deck to recover his breath and rest. In the quiet that followed there came to his ears the click-click-click-click of a busily manipulated spoon against a bowl.

He listened for a moment and then went below. The cook was preparing salad dressing.

"Why, Sam," he exclaimed in astonishment, "didn't you know that we nearly went ashore?"

"Oh, yassir, yassir," came the undisturbed reply. "I thought she was goin' on de rocks, suah."

"Well, in a case like that don't you ever go up on deck? We had a mighty close call."

"Well, you see, it's like this: You can't leave mayonnaise a minute, 'cause it'll turn right back."—Youth's Companion.

COMPOUND EYES.

Insects That Can See Thousands of Ways at Once.

We can see the single eyes of some insects without a lens, as in the locust. In viewing the house fly we need a lens. The big, visible, bulging eyes we see are composed of thousands of unit, cone shaped eyes bound into one compound eye, each of more or less spherical shape. Under a lens they look like glass eyed pavement bent to convexity. Their faceted corneae are variously set in square, hexagonal or prismatic frames. Each glistening facet is the corneal lens of a distinct self working eye. Their number in each compound eye is enormous.

There are fifty such eyelets in the ant, 1,400 are allowed the drone bee and 3,500 the "workers." Our pet kitchen fly has 8,000 chances of seeing food crumbs, the beetle over 6,000, while more than 13,000 aid the dragon fly in his eleemosynary pursuit of the mosquito, offset somewhat by several thousand awarded the latter for a "sporting chance." The hawk moth gets pictures compounded by 20,000 contributors. Over 25,000 window the brain of the mordella (beetle), and 60,000—so it is claimed—contribute to the happy lives of some butterflies.—Dr. Edward A. Ayres in Harper's Magazine.

Ready Courage.

The Duchesse de Berry, whose husband was the son of Charles X. of France, is described in the "Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne" as one of the most courageous characters the writer ever knew.

One day, when she was driving with her husband, the Duc de Berry, the horses took fright and ran away. The duchesse had continued the conversation without changing the tone of her voice, and at last her husband exclaimed:

"Why, Caroline, do you not see what has happened?"

"Yes, I see; but as I cannot stop the horses it is useless to trouble about them."

The carriage was upset, but no one was hurt.

Shop.

"Well, well, well! Is this Bill Snodger?"

"Yes, and this is—let me see—can this be my old friend Tom Grigson?"

"That's who it is. I haven't seen you for—"

"Twenty-seven years."

"That's right. Twenty-seven years! Well, well! What are you doing now, Bill?"

"I'm a traveling evangelist. Are you a member of any church, Tom?"

"Not yet. I'm a life insurance solicitor. I represent the best company in the world. Carrying all the insurance you want, Bill?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Cheapest Sport.

Falconry is about the cheapest sport in existence, so there is no reason why the workingman should not enjoy it—that is, when there is common land. It is also the most humane blood sport. The pursued has always the advantage. Then, when the end does come, how often death is instantaneous. There is, too, no escaping with an ugly wound. If escape at all is effected the quarry gets away unharmed.—Fry's Magazine.

Recognizing His Limitations.

Cholly—Let me see—what's that quotation about a nod being as good as a wink and so forth? Freddy—Why—er—I can't think—Cholly—Oh, I know that. I'm asking you to try to remember.—Chicago Tribune.

Too Inquisitive.

Magistrate—Why did you strike the telegraph operator? Prisoner—It was like this, yer honor. I give him a message to send to me gal, an' the feller started to read it. Then I swiped him.—London Telegraph.

The Honest Man.

Nearly every man in the crowd looks as if he were trying not to blush with modesty when some one observes that an honest man is the noblest work of God.—Ohio State Journal.

Refinement which carries us away from our fellow men is not God's refinement.—Beecher.

DOGS KILLED THE PANTHERS

Monarchs of the Jungle No Match for Flock of Specially Trained Domestic Animals.

An unusual sight was witnessed in Bhavnagar in the course of some native sports, says the London Telegraph. Specially trained dogs of his highness the Thakur Saheb were let loose on two full grown panthers.

About 8,000 people assembled on the maidan to see the event. The arrival of his highness with the Maharani Saheba was the signal to commence the fight. When the cages were opened the panthers slowly crept out, but finding themselves hemmed in by such a large mass of people they slunk back again and lay apparently watching for a chance to pounce upon the nearest bystanders.

The dogs, however, on being let loose, at once attacked the panthers in a body, speedily overwhelming and killing them. It is said that the dogs were previously dosed with some sort of snuff that deadened their scent.

TOO SMALL A DOG.

A New Jersey man was excitedly relating to a friend the harrowing details of a burglary in his house the night before.

"A most daring robbery!" exclaimed the outraged man. "It was still early; my wife and I had retired; and Susie and her young man were in the parlor. Our dog was in the dining room. Despite all that that crook had the nerve to enter the dining room and rifle it of every bit of silver we had. Not satisfied, he even stole the clock off the mantelpiece. What do you think of that?"

"Well," said the friend, "I don't see what else you could expect. Fido is only a watch dog, you know."

SELF-INTEREST.

A real estate firm had lots for sale in a new suburban addition. The young, enthusiastic member was writing the advertisement, eloquence flowing from his pen. He urged intending purchasers to seize the passing moment.

"Napoleon not only met the opportunity, he created it."

The senior partner read this line in the advertisement slowly and carefully.

"This fellow Napoleon," he observed, quizzically, "what's the use of advertising him with our money?"—Boston Post.

A SAVING MISSION.

A certain minister was deeply impressed by an address on the evils of smoking given at a recent synod. He rose from his seat, went over to a fellow minister, and said:

"Brother, this morning I received a present of 100 good cigars. I have smoked one of them, but now I'm going home and burn the remainder in the fire."

The other minister arose, and said it was his intention to accompany his reverend brother.

"I mean to rescue the ninety and nine," he added.

NOT FOR HER.



"And so you refuse me?"

"Yes, Willie! I never could marry a man w'at good under a hat like dat!"

NOT HIS FAULT.

Suburbanite—You are half an late this morning.

Letter Carrier—Yes, ma'am; the sections of stovepipe I have to wear inside my trousers legs on account of the dogs you keep along this street hamper my movements, ma'am.

GENTLE EGOISM.

"People did not regard Shakespeare as a very great poet in his day."

"No," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "But if I could have had an opportunity to read his lines to them I am sure I could have convinced them."

MUST HAVE MADE IT STRONG

Flattering Recommendation That Caused Irishman to Think Well of Himself.

An Irish gentleman of a very obliging disposition, who thinks that personal favors do not cost much, while they make friends, was applied to some time ago by a laborer for a certificate of character. The gentleman, taking the man into his study, wrote out a very flattering recommendation, which he handed to the applicant for perusal. The latter took it, spelled it through, scratched his head, and remained silent.

"Well," said the gentleman, "don't you consider it favorable enough?"

"Oh, no, sorr, not at all; shure it couldn't be better, but—but—"

"But what?" angrily inquired the gentleman.

"Begorra, sorr," said the man, "I was just thinking that yer honor might give me something to do yerself on the strength of this recommendation."

HELP WANTED—MALE.



"Hey! Some one help me! I've been holdin' this bloomin' wall up all by myself since four o'clock."

ONLY AN ORNAMENT.

Handsome Percy Esterbrook had lost his job again—and winter coming on.

But the tall, graceful youth took the matter philosophically.

"You must remember"—thus over a gilt-topped cigarette he adjured his mother and sisters—"you must remember how seldom it is that the flower of the family provides the daily bread."

And in silent acquiescence the women took their lunch boxes in the shape of cameras and departed for the mill.

WHY BUY WATER

From Oyster Dealers?

Of course, when a dealer mixes fresh water with oysters and prevails on you to buy it at the rate of from 30c to 50c per quart. HE may be smart, but aren't YOU foolish? Your water company will sell you water at a much lower rate. Now, if you want oysters only—fresh, pure, natural flavor and solid meats—no water at all—our Sealship Oysters fill the bill. Telephone an order or drop into our store.



T. E. BARNES.

An Advance for Winchester!

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Let us give you estimates on this and all sorts of electric lighting.

Remember that electric light is superior to all others. It is **safe, clean, cheap, comfortable, convenient, ever ready.** We furnish it on meter if desired.

Winchester Railway, Light & Ice Co.

INCORPORATED.

W. P. HACKETT, GENL. MGR.

P. S.—We furnish ice in Winter as well as Summer.

The Capitol of the United States is painted with HARRISON'S READY MIXED PAINT.

Doesn't this seem to show that it would be a good paint for you to use?

Send for Sample Cards.

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